The Brazen Hero

by Silver Gauntlet

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Summary: What does not kill him makes him stronger ...

The Brazen Hero

(Author's Note- This poem was inspired by a Link/Zelda fanfic I am writing, a sequel to "Pieces of the Sun and Moon")

Fragments of broken memories,

Tickle his subconcious.

Trapped in a feverish, fitful sleep- Another life.

Another time.

A fallen hero,

Flat on his stomach, Face down agaisnt the gritty earth.

The rustling pine trees coaxing him to stand,

His mind is willing,

But his body is weak.

He curses his wrecklessness.

Young fool! Stubborn knight! Naive warrior...

His muscles burn in protest as he stands,

Knees wobbling a little.

Slick mud streaks his handsome face,

Like war paint.

Nausea overcomes his stomach,

But he wouldn't fall.

He wouldn't fall again.

Like a angel deprived of wings,

The Hero came close to greeting Death. But refused to say goodbye-

He endured the gauntlet!

The war was not over.

In fact, it just began.

Festering in darkness,

Waiting to strike the Land.

The noblest of all knights,

The Hero would not give up. He would sacrifice his life for his lady,

but never his love.

She needed his help now.

He would not fall.

End
file.